

# Elizabeth McGuire

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TBD

Episode  
#101

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EXT. NEW YORK CITY - WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - DAY (D1)

MUSIC UP on the fountain plaza in Washington Square Park, a popular gathering place for students, dog walkers, chess players, skateboarders, street performers, a guy doing the giant bubble wand ... and an ALPACA, hustling through the throng. He's trying to catch his Uber before it leaves. He reaches the curb, and signals to the UBER DRIVER A, calling out:

"ALPACA"

Hello! I'm here!

The confused Uber Driver A checks his device for his passenger's name.

UBER DRIVER A

Elizabeth?

Turns out it's not a real alpaca, just a life-size stuffed animal big enough to obscure the person carrying it. Reveal: LIZZIE McGUIRE. (Since graduating from college, she has been going by her given name, Elizabeth. But we know her as Lizzie.)

LIZZIE

Yes. Hi.

UBER DRIVER A

(off the alpaca)

That won't fit in the trunk --

LIZZIE

(stuffing the alpaca in  
the back seat of the car)

He's limber.

She shuts the back door, and then climbs into the passenger seat.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

See? Easy.

Uber Driver A eyes the alpaca, crammed at an odd angle in the back seat.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

(re: the alpaca)

Don't worry, he's not the one who  
gives you your rating.

Lizzie gives Uber Driver A a dazzling smile. There's no arguing with that smile.

As the car pulls away, ANGLE ON: the alpaca's face. Even \*  
though he's stuffed, he seems to be smiling too! \*

SMASH TO TITLES \*  
(in which the show is called "ELIZABETH McGUIRE") \*

FADE IN: \*

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - A LITTLE WHILE LATER (D1)

The door to an apartment opens. Lizzie enters, lugging the alpaca. They are met by the imperious voice of Lizzie's boss, DAMIEN JOST, a name brand interior designer who is 55, says he's 45, and dresses like he's 35.

DAMIEN (O.S.) \*  
(calling, annoyed)  
Eliz-a-beth? \*

LIZZIE \*  
(calling back)  
Damien!

DAMIEN (O.S.) \*  
You're late --

He enters, recoils at the sight of the stuffed farm animal in his hallway.

DAMIEN (CONT'D) \*  
-- and you have a llama.

LIZZIE \*  
Alpaca.

They enter --

INT. DAMIEN'S HUGE FABULOUS HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS \*  
(D1) \*

ZAMN! This is one of those eclectic, dramatically decorated places that you would believe exists only to be photographed. Do people actually live here? Damien does.

DAMIEN \*  
(re: the alpaca)  
What's the difference?

LIZZIE \*  
Llamas say "trying." Alpacas say  
"class." Plus --  
(MORE)

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

(cooing to the alpaca)

Look at his little smushy face. \*

(re: the alpaca's hair)

Look at the pompadour, it's so  
fluffy -- \*

DAMIEN

(cuts her off)

What is it doing here?

Lizzie moves the alpaca to a spot in the living room.

LIZZIE

(re: the alpaca)

Just chillin'. Hanging out.

DAMIEN

(overlapping, definitive)

No.

LIZZIE

Give it a minute.

DAMIEN

(beat)

I still hate it. \*

LIZZIE

You don't hate it. \*

DAMIEN

I don't like the way its eyes  
follow me around the room.

LIZZIE

That's impossible. They're  
plastic. \*But just to be sure, Lizzie makes a little back-and-forth in  
front of the alpaca. \*

DAMIEN

Elizabeth, I cannot have a life-  
size stuffed animal "chillin'" in  
my apartment! Not with New York  
magazine coming here today, to take  
pictures for the design issue.(as if speaking to a  
child)

The. Design. Issue.

LIZZIE  
(overlapping)  
I know, the Design Issue --

DAMIEN  
(overlapping)  
They're doing a feature -- \*

LIZZIE  
(overlapping)  
I know -- "Interior Designers, At  
Home."

DAMIEN  
(overlapping)  
"Interior Designers, At Home."  
Have you the speck of an idea how  
morose and unpleasant I will be if  
I am not one of those designers? \*

LIZZIE  
But you will be.

DAMIEN  
You are my assistant. You don't  
lie to me. I pay publicists to do  
that. \*

LIZZIE  
You have to visualize yourself  
getting it. Like the women's  
gymnastic team. \*

DAMIEN  
Compelling. But the last thing I  
need right now is some half-assed  
aphorism.  
(gestures to the alpaca)  
Or a llama. \*

LIZZIE  
Alpaca. \*

DAMIEN  
(final order)  
I'll-pack-a-ya-ass right outta  
here. It goes! \*

Lizzie sighs and takes the alpaca. o.s., the doorbell chimes.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)  
(panicked)  
Oh God, it's them! The magazine!  
(MORE)

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

They're here!

(to Lizzie, re: the  
alpaca)

Put it in the bath tub! Quickly!

Lizzie goes off with the alpaca. But then, mid-stride, she makes a decision, and whips around, bringing the alpaca back to its spot in the living room. Damien is stunned and speechless: WTF? O.S., there's a knock on the door.

LIZZIE

Don't worry! It's going to work! \*

One last zuzh -- Lizzie licks her fingers, smoothes the alpaca's eyebrows. Then: \*

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

I'll get the door. \*

As she goes off,

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DAMIEN'S HUGE FABULOUS HOME - LIVING ROOM - SOME HOURS LATER (D1)

The photo shoot is over. Damien is drained, sprawled out across a piece of furniture, practically asleep. Lizzie, meanwhile, is futzing with the elements on a floor-to-ceiling bookcase which takes up most of a wall. She makes quick, decisive changes -- turning some books on their sides, rearranging the vintage bakelite radios on display (or eye-catching collectible TBD) -- that kind of thing. \*

DAMIEN

(without opening his eyes)

Are you zuzhing?

LIZZIE

No.

(then)

Maybe.

DAMIEN

(grousing)

Give it a rest, Zuzh Judy! What did they say? What did you hear? That secret language of assistants. You think I'll get in the magazine? \*

\*

\*

\*

LIZZIE

The editor kept saying "Vibrant!"  
and "Eclectic!"\*  
\*

DAMIEN

(resigned)

She was probably just talking about  
me.\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

LIZZIE

You know what she loved?\*  
\*

DAMIEN

The alpaca.

\*

LIZZIE

(overlapping)

The alpaca!

\*  
\*

DAMIEN

I should never doubt you.

\*  
\*

LIZZIE

You taught me to be fearless.

\*

DAMIEN

You're welcome. I look around this  
place, and I don't even know how  
some of this stuff got here. I  
assume it was you.\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

LIZZIE

Wow, thank you. I --

DAMIEN

Shhhh. I'm building to something.

(ceremonial)

I think it's time I gave you a  
credit --

\*

LIZZIE

(instantly, she gasps,  
overjoyed)

-- OHMIGOD, DAMIEN!

DAMIEN

(finishing)

-- card.

\*

LIZZIE

What?

\*

DAMIEN

A company credit card. What did  
you think I meant? \*

LIZZIE

A design credit. \*

DAMIEN

Where? For what?

LIZZIE

(gesturing around the  
room) \*This. The magazine. What you just  
said. \*

DAMIEN

(confused, then) \*

This is your job. To build my  
brand. \*

LIZZIE

Yes, it's just ... I don't want to  
be an assistant forever, you know? \*

DAMIEN

News to me. I thought you liked  
your job. \*

LIZZIE

I do!

(then) \*

But it's been five years -- and I'm  
turning 30 next week --

DAMIEN

(as if he needs reminding) \*

YOU GO TO HELL! \*

LIZZIE

(used to his outbursts) \*

I'm just saying, a credit would  
mean a lot to me. That you valued  
my work. \*

DAMIEN

Elizabeth. I let you go to the  
bathroom, I let you drink the  
coconut La Croix -- \*

LIZZIE

You hate that flavor. \*

DAMIEN

Bubbles cost money, bitch!

\*  
\*

LIZZIE

(reassuring him)

Damien, you're a great boss.

\*  
\*

DAMIEN

(rueful)

That can't be, if I'm not giving  
you what you want.

\*

LIZZIE

Don't you think I deserve it?

Lizzie and Damien exchange expressions, a silent communication that seems to be leading to Damien caving and giving Lizzie the design credit. She smiles at him in anticipation of this moment ... except it doesn't come. Lizzie waits, hoping ... then, ultimately, she's the one who caves.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

I guess you don't.

\*

She stands to go, turns to walk off.

DAMIEN

(stopping her)

Elizabeth ...

\*

She stops, but doesn't turn to face him.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

Give me a chance. I can be a good  
guy.

\*

LIZZIE

So you'll do it?

\*

DAMIEN

I didn't say I was a good guy. I  
said I can be.

\*

(generously)

\*

I'll think about it.

\*

(then)

\*

Where's my lunch?

\*

Off her look.

\*

CUT TO:

\*

INT. FOOD (EMMETT'S RESTAURANT) - LATER (D1)

A word about the place:

It's modest and unpretentious ... but also pretentious about how unpretentious it is. The menu is stark; it just reads:

APPETIZER

MEAT

FISH

PASTA

DESSERT

EMMETT PRUZANT, mid-30s, is the chef and owner, but more importantly, Lizzie's boyfriend. Emmett is the male equivalent of a decadent dessert -- irresistible and delicious, but ultimately, something you probably shouldn't have. Somehow, Lizzie has tamed him. They have been together for two and a half years -- a record for him, and one he is very proud of.

At the moment, the only people in the place are a skeletal KITCHEN AND WAIT STAFF, doing the early dinner prep. Lizzie is there too, on a ladder, making a collage of vintage music posters, classic album covers, amusement park souvenir photos, horror movie stills -- she's basically decorating a corner of the restaurant to look like a curated version of a teenage boy's bedroom, an installation men will find nostalgic and women will find amusing. Lizzie's hair is disheveled and keeps getting in her way. She turns to a BARTENDER wearing a baseball cap.

LIZZIE

(to the Bartender,  
pointing to his/her cap)

Can I borrow that?

The bartender hands it over.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

(as she puts the cap on  
her head, backwards)

Thanks.

Her hair in place, Lizzie steps off the ladder and surveys her work. She moves in for a little zuzhing.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)  
(calling)  
Emmett!

Emmett walks out of the kitchen, looks over at Lizzie, who is gesturing to her wall design. He reacts, clutching his heart, as if overwhelmed.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)  
What do you think?

EMMETT  
I love it!

LIZZIE  
(thrilled)  
You do?

He scoops Lizzie into his arms, and kisses her. He's not even looking at the wall.

EMMETT  
(touching the backwards baseball cap)  
I am so turned on right now.

LIZZIE  
By the wall? I know.

EMMETT  
(kissing her)  
What wall?

She turns his head to look at the wall.

EMMETT (CONT'D)  
Oh! That wall.

LIZZIE  
You don't like it.

EMMETT  
More like I don't get it. What is it?

LIZZIE  
What does it look like?

EMMETT  
Well ... all it needs is seven hundred wadded-up tissues and a cloud of Axe body spray and it's my childhood bedroom.

LIZZIE

That's gross.

(then)

The idea is, it's familiar, but out  
of context. It feels like home,  
but you're at a restaurant.

EMMETT

(re: the wall)

It's ... weird --

(off Lizzie's  
disappointment)But weird is good. Weird is avant  
garde. People say my menu is  
weird.

LIZZIE

Your menu is weird.

EMMETT

Weird is the first step on the road  
to genius.

LIZZIE

You may be a genius. I'm still  
idling at weird.

EMMETT

Not for long. When you get that  
credit in New York magazine --

LIZZIE

(overlapping)

"If." Not "when."

EMMETT

-- you'll become a sought-after  
decorator to the stars.

LIZZIE

(overlapping, scoffs)

I'd settle for sought-after  
decorator to the upper middle  
class.

EMMETT

You'll be so busy, I'll only get to  
see you on your Instagram feed.

LIZZIE

And every night at home.

EMMETT

(re: the baseball cap)

Wear the cap.

\*  
\*  
\*

She laughs as he kisses her.

\*  
\*

FADE OUT.

\*

FADE IN:

EXT. RENEGADE CRAFT FAIR - THE NEXT DAY (D2)

Flea markets and crafts fairs -- these are Lizzie's favorite places on earth. This annual event in Brooklyn has row upon row of booths showcasing the talents of local craftspeople. Lizzie and her best friend, BIANCA (30-ish, gorgeous, has no clue what she wants to do with her life), are at a booth, smelling artisan scented candles.

BIANCA

(inhales, swoons)

Mmmmmmm.

She sticks the candle under Lizzie's nose.

LIZZIE

(smells, approves)

Nice. Get it.

\*

BIANCA

(puts the candle down)

Nah. Do you know how many candles  
I've bought that I've lit like  
once? I could have a booth here.  
Bianca's Barely Used Candles.

Bianca and Lizzie walk and talk.

BIANCA (CONT'D)

Anyway, we're here to shop for you.  
What do you want for your birthday?

LIZZIE

Nothing. I have everything I want.

BIANCA

I know you do. But this is a big  
one. Three oh. You know what that  
means?

\*

LIZZIE

I have to take twenty-something out  
of my Insta bio?\*  
\*

BIANCA

Yes, and ... it means Saturn is  
completing its orbit and returning  
to the exact place it was when you  
were born. My therapist would call  
this "an auspicious time."

\*

LIZZIE

You got a therapist? That's great,  
B.

BIANCA

Astrologer, but same.

LIZZIE

Is it the same?

BIANCA

Better! I can blame the moon for my  
life being so messed up.

LIZZIE

Bianca --

BIANCA

I mean, it controls the tides, so  
why can't it break up my marriage?\*  
\*

LIZZIE

You broke up your marriage.

\*

BIANCA

(deflating)

I know. I'm the moon.

\*

(groans)

Why can't I just have your life?

\*

It's perfect.

\*

LIZZIE

It's not.

BIANCA

Compared to mine.

LIZZIE

We don't do that.

BIANCA  
(muttering)  
Maybe you don't --

LIZZIE  
(overlapping)  
You're so hard on yourself. You're  
figuring your life out.

BIANCA  
Am I? Or am I just wasting it as a  
restaurant hostess?  
(then)  
Thank you for getting me the job,  
by the way.

LIZZIE  
Don't thank me. Thank Emmett. \*

BIANCA  
The least I could do is get you a  
great birthday present! \*

LIZZIE  
(relenting)  
Something small.

BIANCA  
No! Something big and  
unforgettable --  
(something catches her  
eye)  
-- like these!

Bianca veers away from Lizzie and over to a table with  
handmade jewelry. She holds a pair of dramatic beaded  
chandelier earrings up to her ears for Lizzie's opinion.

LIZZIE  
(re: earrings)  
I love those. On you.

BIANCA  
(conceding, to Lizzie)  
They are a little more me ... but I  
need to get you something!

Under dialogue, Bianca pays for the earrings, and the JEWELRY  
VENDOR hands Bianca a box with the earrings in them.

LIZZIE  
You're coming to my birthday party,  
aren't you? That's enough.

BIANCA

(as if she has no idea  
what Lizzie is talking  
about)Whaaaaat? Are you having a  
birthday party, because nobody told  
me!

LIZZIE

For the record -- that was  
terrible. I know Emmett's throwing  
me a surprise party.

\*

BIANCA

(pissed)

Who told you?

LIZZIE

Emmett.

WIPE TO:

FLASHBACK MONTAGEA series of moments from the past few weeks. This sequence  
should be rapid-fire.INT. LIZZIE AND EMMETT'S APARTMENT - LATE AT NIGHT (N3)Lizzie sits in front of a computer, next to a huge pile of  
receipts.

LIZZIE (V.O.)

He's been asking me a lot of random  
questions.

Emmett walks up.

EMMETT

Aren't balloons, like, kinda scary?

LIZZIE

What? No.

\*

EMMETT

Okay, yeah, no, me neither.

\*

INT. LIZZIE AND EMMETT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (N4)

Lizzie and Emmett are watching a horror movie. Lizzie clings to Emmett, ducks her head into his shoulder. It's too gruesome. She can't look.

EMMETT

What do you like better -- bacon  
meatballs or bacon crab cakes? \*

LIZZIE

(flipping out, re: the  
movie)

Emmett, that girl was just  
decapitated! \*

EMMETT

Ooh, rewind.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY (D5)

Lizzie and Emmett are out jogging.

EMMETT

Are you still friends with Megan B.  
from college?

LIZZIE

Yes.

EMMETT

What about Alex?

LIZZIE

Yes.

EMMETT

And that girl from your yoga class?

LIZZIE

Jenna. Yes. \*

Lizzie keeps running. \*

EMMETT

(behind her)

Can you spell her last name for me? \*

END OF FLASHBACK MONTAGE

WIPE TO:

EXT. RENEGADE ART FAIR - CONTINUOUS FROM BEFORE (D2)

We're back with Lizzie and Bianca.

BIANCA

So then you're going to fake being surprised?

LIZZIE

I have to.

\*

BIANCA

Do you ever feel that being a woman is just one acting challenge after another?

LIZZIE

(considers; then)

Not really. Do you?

BIANCA

(beat, acting)

No, not at all.

Lizzie and Bianca walk off. Off their backs, Bianca offers the earrings she just bought to Lizzie.

BIANCA (CONT'D)

Sure you don't want these?

LIZZIE

(pushes the box back to Bianca)

I'm sure.

BIANCA

Okay, but just remember -- I did get you something.

They laugh.

EXT. LIZZIE AND EMMETT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - A WEEK LATER - MORNING (D6)

A gloriously beautiful day. Of course it is! It's Lizzie's 30th birthday!

INT. LIZZIE AND EMMETT'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - SAME TIME (D6)

Emmett enters the room, to serve Lizzie breakfast in bed. But he's not carrying a tray;

he's pushing a room service cart, loaded down with covered plates of food, a basket of croissants, a full pitcher of fresh-squeezed orange juice. As he enters, he sings:

EMMETT

*Happy birthday to you --  
Happy birthday to youuuuuu --*

LIZZIE

(delighted)

Emmett!

(re: the room service  
cart)

What is this?

EMMETT

What does it look like?

He lifts the covers off plates to reveal pancakes, bacon, scrambled eggs. Lizzie gasps.

LIZZIE

Is it ... this is the room service  
breakfast from "Pretty Woman"!

EMMETT

Did I get it right?

LIZZIE

It's perfect! I'm going to eat a  
pancake with my hands!

EMMETT

Good, 'cause I used all the forks  
to make this.

\*  
\*  
\*

There's one plate still covered.

LIZZIE

What's this?

\*  
\*  
\*

Emmett does the emoji shrug and gestures for Lizzie to see for herself. She lifts the lid to reveal: THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE DESIGN ISSUE!

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

(jumping up and grabbing  
the magazine)

OH. MY. GOD.

EMMETT

Can you believe it came out on your  
birthday?

LIZZIE  
(shrieking)  
I'm on THE COVER!

\*  
\*  
\*

ANGLE ON the cover. It's a photograph of Damien's living  
room. The alpaca is front and center.

\*  
\*  
\*

EMMETT  
(re: the alpaca)  
Did you change your hair?

\*  
\*  
\*

LIZZIE  
It's my ALPACA!  
(then)  
I'm going to die if I didn't get a  
credit. My body is just going to  
shrive up like a raisin and I will  
cease to exist. You will be dating  
a ghost.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

EMMETT  
Okay, first, let's hydrate.

\*

Lizzie takes a deep breath, holding the magazine.

\*

LIZZIE  
I'm scared to look!  
(hands the magazine to  
Emmett)  
You do it.

\*

As Emmett mock-dramatically turns the page, Lizzie's phone  
rings -- it's a Facetime call from her parents, JO and SAM in  
one window and her sleepy brother MATT in another.

\*  
\*

LIZZIE (CONT'D)  
(to Emmett)  
It's my family. I'll get rid of  
them.  
(answering the call)  
Hey guys!

\*  
\*

Jo, Sam and Matt instantly launch into:

JO/SAM/MATT  
(on the phone)  
Happy birthday to --

\*

LIZZIE  
(over them)  
Can I call you back in two minutes?

\*

JO

(on the phone, to Lizzie)  
We wanted to call you first thing!

\*

MATT

(on the phone)  
I'm going back to bed.

\*

\*

Matt hangs up.

\*

LIZZIE

(to Jo and Sam)  
Two minutes!

\*

She hangs up. Turns to Emmett.

\*

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Go.

Emmett turns the page of the magazine.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

It'll be in the table of contents.

EMMETT

(he's there)  
Table of contents.

LIZZIE

Bottom of the page.

Emmett looks.

EMMETT

Found it!

LIZZIE

(nervous)

Read it.

EMMETT

(reading)  
Cover photo by Portia LaSalle.  
Design by --  
(he stops short)

Emmett's face drops and he shakes his head.

\*

LIZZIE

(stung)  
I didn't get it?

\*

\*

\*



DAMIEN

I told you -- I can be a nice guy.\*  
\*  
\*

LIZZIE

This is the best birthday present  
ever!\*  
\*

DAMIEN

For the best assistant ever.

LIZZIE

(touched)

Awwwww.

(then)

I'm going to be the best design  
associate ever too.\*  
\*  
\*

DAMIEN

(taken aback)

So the credit's not enough. Now  
you want a promotion?\*  
\*  
\*

LIZZIE

I mean ... you don't expect me to  
keep getting you boba tea and  
booking your youth glow cryo  
sessions ... do you?\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DAMIEN

That is your job. As is  
discretion.\*  
\*  
\*

LIZZIE

I thought --

\*  
\*

DAMIEN

(overlapping)

Elizabeth, I don't need another  
design associate. I need an  
assistant.\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

LIZZIE

But ... I'm thirty!

\*  
\*

DAMIEN

THIS AGAIN!

(then)

Sweetie, you know I'd promote you  
if I could.\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

LIZZIE

It's your company. You could.

\*  
\*

DAMIEN

If I promoted someone every time  
they did a good job, who'd be left  
to print shipping labels? My hands  
are tied.

LIZZIE

So you'll never promote me? Is  
that what you're saying?

DAMIEN

I am not saying that.

(then)

I am saying things that would allow  
you to infer that.

LIZZIE

If that's how it is ... then I  
don't see how I can work here  
anymore.

DAMIEN

You're quitting?

LIZZIE

I'm not saying that.

(off Damien's look of  
relief)

I'm saying things that would allow  
you to infer that.

With that, Lizzie strides out.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LIZZIE AND EMMETT'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - A LITTLE WHILE  
LATER (D6)

Lizzie is rearranging the bedroom. She has just finished  
moving a giant dresser to the other side of the room, and she  
is about to move the bed when Emmett enters.

EMMETT

Oh, so we're doing this again?

(resigned)

I really liked that outlet.

LIZZIE

I'm sorry. You know how much it  
helps me to rearrange furniture.

Lizzie stops in the middle of the room and plops down on the bed.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)  
What was I thinking?

EMMETT  
That you deserved better. And you do! There's another door out there waiting for you to open.

LIZZIE  
(wannnnhhh)  
I don't want a door. I want a job!

Emmett hugs her and for a moment she feels safe and protected. For a moment, Then:

LIZZIE (CONT'D)  
(anxious)  
He's gonna call me, right? Five years. He needs me. I mean, he can't do it without me. He's gonna call.

EMMETT  
I don't know --

LIZZIE  
Or should I call him? Because the way I left, that was harsh. I mean, I stormed out of there. He's probably scared to call me.

EMMETT  
Maybe.

Her phone dings, from a text. Lizzie reacts, immensely relieved.

LIZZIE  
(pulling out her phone)  
This is him. It's gotta be him.  
(she looks at her phone screen and deflates)  
No, it's Gordo.  
(off Emmett's look of:  
Who?)  
One of my friends from home.

EMMETT  
You're still in touch?

LIZZIE  
For birthdays.

ANGLE ON: Lizzie's phone screen. On it is a small box with an arrow, which she clicks. Suddenly, music bursts from the phone, the opening chords of the Beatles' song, "They say it's your birthday," and with it, a video of rapid-fire images of Lizzie and GORDO, from when they were 13. Looks like Gordo has gotten really good at making videos. The problem is, Lizzie is not in the mood to watch this now. She hits pause and sticks the phone back in her pocket.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)  
(glum)  
I'll watch it later.

EMMETT  
(using his pet name for  
her)  
Little Bits, how about we let today  
be your birthday, and we sort out  
this other thing tomorrow?

LIZZIE  
It's too late. My birthday is  
ruined.

EMMETT  
No, it's not. There's still  
tonight, and that's going to be  
really fun.

Lizzie flinches, remembering the not-surprise surprise party. \*

LIZZIE  
Emmett -- about tonight. Can we  
stay in? Get delivery, watch a  
true crime thing where everyone's  
like: "He's the killer." And I'm  
like --  
(tapping her mouth)  
-- "Mmmmm, but is he?"

EMMETT  
Nope, nope, nope. I'm making you a  
special dinner, I've got it all  
planned.

LIZZIE  
(apologetic)  
I'm just really in the mood for a  
quiet birthday.

EMMETT

(whispering)

I'll talk like this the whole  
night.

(he kisses her)

See you at seven.

He's clearly so excited. She can't burst his bubble. \*

LIZZIE

Okay. \*

EMMETT

(on his way out)

Just relax. Move some furniture. \*

Emmett exits. Lizzie spends a beat wallowing in her pain, \*  
then stands, takes a deep breath and starts pushing the bed \*  
toward the other wall. As she does that, something falls to \*  
the floor. It's shiny. It's an earring. She picks it up, \*  
puts it on the dresser and resumes pushing the bed. \*Then she stops. She looks at the earring, picks it up, \*  
squints at it. It's a dramatic beaded chandelier earring. \*  
She sets the earring back down on the dresser and goes back \*  
to the bed. \*But there's this nagging feeling. That earring. She picks \*  
it up again. She knows who it belongs to. \*Now when she goes back to the bed, she doesn't push it into \*  
place, she starts ripping off the sheets, the pillows, the \*  
blanket, leaving only the bare mattress. \*

CUT TO:

EXT. LIZZIE AND EMMETT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER \*  
(D6) \*Lizzie hauls the mattress out to the sidewalk, to the curb, \*  
where it belongs -- with the trash. \*

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. FOOD (EMMETT'S RESTAURANT) - NIGHT (N6)

Establishing. \*

INT. FOOD (EMMETT'S RESTAURANT) - DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS  
(N6)

\*

We see a dark room full of twenty-five cool, compelling people drinking and quietly murmuring to one another. They are the SURPRISE PARTY GUESTS. The lights go on. The party guests in unison start to yell: "Surprise." \*

\*

\*

EMMETT

Just me. Sorry. It shouldn't be  
much longer...

He turns off the lights again. Party guests in unison  
murmur: "Ugh." Emmett exits to the kitchen.

\*

\*

INT. FOOD (EMMETT'S RESTAURANT) - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

\*

He enters. Bianca is there with a gorgeous two-tiered cake, exquisitely decorated, topped with two gold sparklers shaped like a 3 and an 0.

\*

\*

\*

BIANCA

Anything?

EMMETT

(checking his phone)

She's not responding to my texts.

(concerned)

You think she knows?

BIANCA

About us?

EMMETT

(scowls)

The party.

\*

BIANCA

Definitely not. No way.

From behind them:

LIZZIE (O.S.)

Surprise!

They spin to see Lizzie. She looks fantastic, and strong, and in control. Any trace of the miserable girl hauling a mattress to the curb is gone.

\*

\*

\*

EMMETT

(to Lizzie)

You do know.

BIANCA

(to Lizzie)

You said you were going to pretend  
to be surprised.

EMMETT

(to Bianca, re: Lizzie)

Why did you just say she didn't  
know, when you knew she knew?

BIANCA

(to Emmett, re: Lizzie)

She didn't want you to know she  
knew.

LIZZIE

Oh, I did know. In fact, I know  
everything now.(holds up the chandelier  
earring, to Bianca)Surprise! I believe this belongs  
to you. Found it in our bed.

(to Emmett)

Which is on the sidewalk. With  
some other shit of yours.\*  
\*  
\*\*  
\*\*  
\*

EMMETT

Elizabeth --

(tender)

Little Bits -- If we could just  
talk --\*  
\*  
\*

LIZZIE

Okay. Go.

\*

Emmett opens his mouth. Nothing comes out. She mimics his  
inability to speak.\*  
\*

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

(to Bianca)

Anything to add?

\*  
\*  
\*

BIANCA

(little voice)

Hurt people hurt people.

\*  
\*

LIZZIE

Is that it?

\*  
\*

BIANCA

(little voice)

I make bad choices --

\*  
\*  
\*

LIZZIE  
(to Bianca and Emmett)  
No. I do.

Lizzie turns to go. Emmett stops her.

EMMETT  
(to Lizzie)  
These past two and a half years  
have been the best of my life, and  
if that's all I get, I was lucky to  
have them. But I was planning to  
ask you for more tonight --

Emmett pulls a gorgeous diamond engagement ring from his  
pocket.

BIANCA  
(horrified)  
Unh uh.

EMMETT  
(to Lizzie)  
I was planning to ask you for all  
of them.

He gets down on one knee before Lizzie and holds up the ring.

EMMETT (CONT'D)  
Marry me, Elizabeth. Please.  
Don't let this horrible mistake  
destroy the rest of our lives.

Lizzie stands there, stunned. Her phone bings.

LIZZIE  
I gotta go. My car is here.  
(to the kneeling Emmett,  
Re: the ring)  
Come on. We're not doing this.  
(then)  
But I know someone who loves  
jewelry.

She looks at Bianca, and then walks out, into the dining  
room. As the doors open we hear:

GROUP  
SURPRISE!

Off Lizzie's grimace:

CUT TO:

INT. UBER/LYFT CAR - MOMENTS LATER (N6)

Lizzie is in the back seat. The car heads for her destination, which is, for the moment, unknown. Lizzie has been watching the video from Gordo on her phone.

ANGLE ON: Lizzie's phone screen. The video ends with a sweet, goofy picture of them from when they were 13 years old, and the caption:

*Happy birthday.*

\*

Followed by:

\*

*Can you believe we're 30?*

\*

That image is replaced by a Facetime call from her family, Jo, Sam, and Matt, in their various windows.

\*

\*

SAM  
(from phone)  
Is now a good time?

LIZZIE

Sure.

JO/SAM/MATT  
(on phone, singing)  
*Happy birthday to you, happy  
birthday to you, happy birthday --*

JO/SAM  
-- dear Lizzie --

MATT  
-- your Royal Heinous --

\*

JO  
MATT!

SAM/MATT  
(and eventually Jo)  
*Happy birthday to you!*

Lizzie realizes -- it's the first time this whole day anybody's actually celebrated her birthday ... including her.

LIZZIE  
Love you, guys.

JO  
We love you, sweetheart --  
(suddenly, leaning into  
the phone)  
-- Lizzie ... are you crying?

LIZZIE  
(tears welling in her  
eyes, overlapping)  
Gotta go.

She ends the call. UBER DRIVER B pipes up from the front. \*

UBER DRIVER B  
Hey, is it your birthday?

Lizzie fully and finally breaks down. \*

EXT. UBER/LYFT CAR - A LITTLE WHILE LATER (N6)

Lizzie's car pulls into the airport.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - THE NEXT MORNING - DAWN (D6)

Sunrise. A new day. The neighborhood is quiet, still asleep. The car from the previous scene pulling up to an airport terminal becomes another car pulling away from the curb in front of a white house with black shutters and gabled windows -- Lizzie's childhood home. As this car drives away, REVEAL Lizzie standing on the lawn, facing the house, holding a small suitcase. She heads towards the house --

CUT TO:

INT. MCGUIRE HOME - LIZZIE'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - MOMENTS  
LATER (D7)

-- and enters her childhood bedroom. This is a treasure trove of pictures, clothes, mementoes, stuff from her middle school years. Lizzie, utterly exhausted, face-plants on her bed.

A beat, and then we PAN ACROSS her bed, to find ANIMATED LIZZIE. She's hanging out, reading a book, like she's been waiting for Lizzie to show up. After a beat, she closes the book.

ANIMATED LIZZIE  
Can I just say -- I tried to tell  
you this would happen.  
(then)  
Maybe next time you'll listen to  
me.

Offscreen, we hear Jo call to her daughter:

JO (O.S.)  
Lizzie! Is that you?

\*  
\*  
\*

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW